Scandal.

BY MARY E. C. JOHNSON.

A woman to the holy father went,
Confession of sin was her intent;
And so her misdemeanors, great and small,
She faithfully rehearsed them all;
And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,
And born a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long tongued gossips in the town.
The holy father for her other sin
Granted the absolution asked of him.
But while for all the rest he pardon gave,
He told her this offence was very grave,
And that to do fit penace she must go
Out by the wayside where the thistles grow,
And gathering the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seeds, and that when this was done,
She must come back again another day
To tell him his commands she did obey.
The woman thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night,
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well.
Next day but one she went the priest to tell;
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said, "There's something still for you to do;
Those little thistle seeds which you have sown,
I bid you go regather, every one."
The woman said, "But, father, 'twould be vain
To try to gather up those seeds again;
The winds have scattered them both far and wide
Over the meadow, vale and mountain-side."
The father answered, "Now, I hope that from this
The lesson I have taught you will not miss:
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone."

—Montreal Witness.

THE STORY OF JONES & CO.

The San Francisco Argonaut.

I guess pa and ma was pretty rich one time, for when they came to California it was on their welding tour and cost lots; they came by way of New York, and Washington and Panama City, in a steamboat, and ma brought a maid to wait on her, and pa had a black feller named 'Jim,' and when we got to California—I say we, I'm only fourteen years now, but I was not born then, though that don't matter, I guess—pa had lots of money. I was born at the Lick House, and you ought to see my baby clothes. Jones & Co. haven't the kind of goods that them was, because Maud has draggled them all to pieces. Maud is the baby. Six years old Maud is, and it won't be long before she will be a clerk in Jones & Co. First babies always have the nicest things. Ma says first babies are like second wives.

But I keep getting away from Jones & Co.

Well, I am of the opinion that after pa bought his house on Van Ness avenue he went into stocks, whatever that means. Going into stocks must be a very curious business, and sometimes pa came home looking splendid, and wanted to buy everything, and laughed at ma for being so mean, and not getting better clothes, and then he wanted to drive in the park and to the theatre. One day he came home with a brand new carriage and a span of long-tailed horses, and a negro coachman, and a funny little darkey for footman. It was for ma, and we rode every day. Then sometimes pa came home and looked very blue, and talked about stocks, and I began to watch pa, and noticed that sometimes when he laughed loudest he looked just as if he wanted to cry, and then he sold the horses, and then the house, and the furniture was sent to auction, and ma she felt very bad, and pa wasn't like himself any more, and never told me stories nor kissed me, and once when baby Maud was asleep in his arms, he kissed her and cried, and when I told ma she said she guessed pa did not feel very well, and that I mustn't notice it, and then she cried.

After this we went to a boarding-house—a nasty mussy boarding-house. Everything was well enough, only a boarding-house ain't like home.

Then the baby came, and it died, and ma almost died, and I heard pa say to the man who kept the boarding-house that 'he was pretty tight up, but it was all comin' out right,' and the next day pa didn't have any watch, nor any sleeve buttons. I didn't seem to notice it because I seen that may be pa had sold them to pay his board, and I heard pa and ma talk away into the night, and sometimes ma cried, and pa would look in the morning just as if he hadn't slept a wink, and I don't believe he had. Once it was dreadful. Pa came home tipsy, and I never seen ma feel so bad, ever; and then they talked it over, and finally ma went home to grandpa's in New York with Maud, and I stayed with pa to go to school.

Then pa kept getting worse and worse, and we went to live in rooms and eat at restaurants, and pa stayed out late nights, and I guess he drank more than was good for him, and I thought something had to be done. So I said to pa one day: "Pa, less go into business and open a store."

And he laughed and said: "What kind of a store?"

And I said: "Oh, a candy store, or a stationery store, or a thread and needle store, just such as women keep and little girls help in."

And pa laughed and said he would think of it, and when he came home that night I asked him if he had thought about it, and he said he hadn't, and I said he had better, and he said he would, and that morning he didn't go out, but stayed at home and wrote ma a long letter.

So next day I went into a store on Polk street kept by a nice lady who had a bad husband, where they sold everything, and she said in France they called it *lingerie*.

I didn't know what that meant because it was French, and I asked her if she didn't want to sell her store, and she said:

"Do you wan't to buy a store, little girl?"

And I said: "My pa does." And she smiled and said she guessed the sheriff would have a store to sell in a few days, and I said I would tell pa because he knew Mr. Nunan, the sheriff. It was one of Mr. Nunan's men that sold pa's horses and furniture for him.

And the next day I told pa about the store and what a nice one it was, and he said he had had a large store, and sold silk dress goods, and velvets and furs, and laces, worth ever so much a yard, and India shawls worth more than a thousand dollars apiece.

I don't know exactly what pa did, but I think something "turned up" a few days afterwards, for I heard him say he had made a "raise," and he showed me more than a thousand dollars in gold notes, and for a day or two he carried them in a side pocket, and mostly kept his hand over them for fear they would jump out and fly away; and pa bought me some shoes and a hat, and stuff for aprons, and I made them myself, and I never saw pa look so happy since ma went away; and one day he said to me:

"Vevie, I have bought the store on Polk street, and you are to be my saleswoman and partner."

And sure enough, in a few days we went into a store, and over the door was a great big sign of "Jones & Co." and pa said I was the Co." And when I said, 'and so, pa, you are "Jones," he blushed, and I guess he didn't like his old friends to know that he was selling needles, and thread, and tape and things.

We had two snug little rooms in the back of the store to sleep in, and I made pa's bed and swept out the rooms, and tidied things. At first pa shut up the store when he had to go down town on business, and after a while I tended it, and when there was two customers in the store I waited on one, and it wasn't long before I could make change and sell things, and add up almost as good as pa could; and by-and-by when he went down town I tended store, and we had splendid times. We went out to a nice place across the street for our meals. I tended store when pa went, and pa tended store when I went.

One day pa same in and looked dreadful troubled, and then I said, "pa, ain't I a partner, and don't partners have a right to know everything, and ain't you hiding something about Jones & Co.?" And then I found out that pa had bought too many things for the store, and that a note for a thousand dollars had to be paid, and there wasn't any money to pay it with, and that's what made pa feel bad. And then I thought and thought, and wondered how I could get a thousand dollars, and I kept on thinking over everybody that I guessed had a thousand dollars, and every one I guessed had it I guessed wouldn't lend it to pa. And then I thought about Mr. Flood and said, "I'll go down to his bank and get it, for he's got more than a thousand millions, and down in the Bank of Nevada the cellar is full of gold, and of course he don't want to use it all the time, and I will borrow a thousand dollars for pa, and before Mr. Flood wants it I'll take it back to him, and pay the interest." And then I jumped up and hurrahed for "Jones & Co.," took my best bonnet, and put on my gloves, and took off my store apron, and combed my hair, and got into a car and went to the Nevada bank, and told the clerk I wanted to borrow a thousand dollars; and he laughed and said he "guessed I had better see Mr. M'Lane." And I asked who Mr. M'Lane was. The clerk said Mr. M'Lane was the president, and was in the back room, and I went into the back room, and Mr. M'Lane said:

"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?"

And I said: "I want to borrow a thousand dollars."

Mr. M'Lane he opened his eyes, and screwed his chair round, and looked at me and said, "A thousand dollars!" with as much surprise as though a thousand dollars was all the money he had in the bank. Then I began to get scared and cry, and then I told Mr. M'Lane all about pa and "Jones & Co.," and what we wanted to do with the money, and that I would pay it back to him; and he looked kinder puzzled, and asked me what my pa's name was, and I told him, and where the store was, and all about ma, and Maud, and how the baby died. I guess that was not very much like business, and I don't know what Mr. M'Lane wanted to know all that for. Then he looked at me again, and I guess he wasn't going to let me have the money, when a gentleman at the other desk came up to where I was sitting on a chair, and Mr. M'Lane said: "Well, Flood, what do you think of this young merchant?" And then I knew it was the rich Mr. Flood: and I looked into his eyes, and they kind of laughed, and he said: "Let her have the money. I will endorse her note." Then I jumped up and kissed him, and he kissed me back, and Mr. M'Lane made a note for ninety days, and I signed it "Jones & Co." and Mr. Flood wrote his name on the back of it. I took the money away in a canvas bag, that Mr. M' Lane said I must bring back, and I took the money to pa, and didn't he look surprised when I poured out the great big $20 pieces on the counter?

Then I told him just what happened at the bank, and when I asked him if he didn t think I was a pretty good business woman after all, I guess he felt real shamed.

In a few days a beautiful carriage drove up to the door, and a nice young lady came in and bought nearly $20 worth of things. I never sold so many goods to any one person before, and the young lady was real kind, and helped me to add up the bill. I saw pa didn't offer to help me at all, and looked kinder comical when she and me was puzzled over the figures to get them all right. The nines trouble me dreadful in adding, and so I have got in the way of making figures either fives or nothings, so they will add up easier. When the young lady drove away, I went to the carriage and saw the letter "F" on the panel and on the harness. "F," said I to myself; "I wonder who it can be?" I should have thought it was Miss Flood, only she hadn't any diamonds in her ears or on her fingers, and was dressed only nice and plain; and I said of course it wasn't Miss Flood.

After this, I never see anything like it—such lots of carriages and such nice ladies kept coming every day, and most all of them traded with me, and pa was just as pleased and happy as he could be. Jones & Co. was making lots of money. When I took Mr. Flood's money back, I just marched right through the bank, past the big counters, into Mr. M'Lane's room, and I took very good care to let the clerk that laughed at me before see the bag. Mr. Flood was in there, and Mr. M'Lane, and I opened the bag and turned out the money on Mr. M'Lane's desk, and Mr. Flood came up and laughed, and Mr. M'Lane laughed, and I heard Mr. Flood tell Mr M'Lane they would have that champagne lunch to-day. And then Mr. Flood told me if I wanted to borrow money again not to go to any of the other banks, but to come to his, and I thanked him, and Mr. M'Lane brought me my note, cancelled by a great blue "Paid" stamped across the face, right over where I wrote "Jones & Co." Then I told Mr Flood that perhaps when we felt able to send for ma I should come and borrow some more money, because I wanted to buy a house for ma and Maud, so that they wouldn't have to go into any more nasty boarding-houses, and Mr. Flood said I should have all the money I wanted.

Then we sent for ma and Maud. Grandpa gave ma the money to come, and so we didn't have to borrow any more; and we took a nice cottage, not very near the store, for pa didn't want ma to know about Jones & Co., though I was just crazy to tell her.

For several days we fooled her. She thought pa had a store down town, and I was going to school. I told lots of fibs about being detained at school, going down town, and all sorts of stories to account for being home late.

One day who should I see coming into the store but ma!

"Have you any pearl shirt-buttons, little girl?" said ma.

"Yes, ma'am," said I, looking her right square in the face.

"Goodness gracious!" said ma, "Is that you Vevie?"

I said: "Beg pardon, ma'am, what did you want?" And then ma looked at me again.

I had a store apron on, and a small cap like a French girl, and because I wasn't very high pa bought me a pair of wooden brogans, with felt on the bottoms, into which I slipped my feet, and they made me about four or five inches taller. And ma stared at me, and then laughed and said:

"Oh! I beg your pardon, little girl. You looked so much like my daughter Genevieve that I thought you was her."

Then I heard pa snicker down behind the counter; he had seen ma come in, and hid. Just as soon as ma went out, pa jumped up and laughed, and said: "Snatch off your apron and cap, Vevie, and run round the block and get home before your mother.

I did, and when ma got home she was the most surprisedest woman you ever seen. We knew this thing couldn't last, and so that night we told ma all about the house of "Jones & Co.," and ma kissed pa, and said he was a "splendid, noble fellow, and just as good as gold," and that she "never was so proud of him in all her life," and fell to kissing him and to crying and to taking on. I never saw ma act so foolish in all her life, and pa said she "was making love to him over again."

Well, now, the story is about over. Ma came down to the store to help. At first she looked kinder sheepish, especially when some lady came in that she had known at the Lick House; but soon she got over all that, and began to make bonnets, and we had a milliner store, and then she insisted upon saving the expense of a separate house, and we moved into a larger store next door, with nice rooms fixed up to live in, and a nice show window for bonnets, and little Maudie is beginning to be handy about, and all of us work, and we are just as happy as the day's long, and have lots of money.

I never seen Mr. Flood but once since, when I went down to the bank unbeknown to pa, and I told Mr. Flood and Mr. M'Lane that any time they wanted to borrow a thousand dollars, "Jones & Co." would lend it to them; and they laughed, and I said, "they couldn't tell, stocks might go down;" and then Mr. Flood said, "if all the people he had given and loaned money to would pay it back as I had, he didn't think he would get busted in a long time."

And then I saw the clerk that laughed at me, and I smiled at him and bowed, and since then he has been buying all his gloves at the store. I told him I thought he used a great many pairs of gloves, and he said they wore out very fast counting the money. He is dreadful particular about his gloves, and if there is nobody in the store but me he is sometimes half an hour picking out just the kind he wants.

Pa has bought a splendid gold watch—a real stem-winder—and we—Jones & Co.—have bought a nice large lot out on Gov. Stanford's new cable railroad, and paid for it, and if times are good this summer, as pa thinks they will be, we shall have a house of our own again, where we shall all live in peace, die in Greece and be buried in a cake of tallow.—Mary Jane Jones.

Betting on a Sure Thing.

From the Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle

A tough-looking citizen walked into one of the justice's courts yesterday forenoon very much intoxicated, and requested that he be allowed to swear off drinking for a year. His honor obligingly put him through the solemn motions, and the convert, with a confused rumble of well-meant but profanely expressed resolutions, stumbled out of the court-room.

"Bet he don't keep it an hour," said one of the grinning lawyers.

"Bet he sticks to it a week, anyhow," observed the Court with confidence.

"Nonsense!" cried everybody.

"What'll you bet?" asked the Judge.

"Twenty to ten," exclaimed an eager attorney, producing the money.

"Done!" cried His Honor, and the stakes were turned over to a *Chronicle* reporter.

"Constable" said the Court quietly, "go out and fetch that man back."

In a few minutes the reformed one was dragged in and the Judge ascended his dais, rapped for order, and loooked severe.

"Charged with being drunk," said the Court. "What's your plea?"

"Guess I'm full," admitted the prisoner with an idiotic smile.

"Ten days in the County Jail. Constable, lock up your prisoner. Mr. Reporter, hand this Court that wealth. Court's adjourned. Boys, let's go and flood our lower levels."

Blunders of speech are frequently made by those who have an insufficient knowledge of a foreign language. We sometimes laugh at the mistakes of a foreigner, but the foreigner is generally more considerate, as when one of our countrymen expressed his fear that the expression he had used was not French, he was answered, "Non, Monsieur; mais il merite bien de l'etre." Lord Westmoreland, wishing to say, "I would if I could, but I can't," rendered it "Je voudrais si je coudrais mais je ne cannais pas."

Speaking of the use of kerosene in poultry yards to destroy vermin the *Poultry World* says it should be applied beneath the nests and upon the wood work only. It is too strong and penetrating to be placed where it will come in direct contact with the eggs that are being set on or to touch the bodies of the fowls. Therefore where it is carelessly or too profusely scattered, so that the hen sits upon it or her eggs are touched with the liquid, it does more harm than good, often permeating the shells and destroying the embryo chicks. According to the authority referred to, if the eggs are smeared with kerosene oil at any period, either when first laid or while being set, their vitality is as surely destroyed as it would be if the shells were punctured or crushed.

Personalities

Edison is worth $150,000.

Mr. Tennyson, poet, is rich.

Bonner owns 151 valuable horses.

Cardinal-elect Newman is very feeble.

Mr. Bancroft's health is not improving.

Mark Twain is writing a book in Paris.

Minister White leaves for Berlin to-day

James Russell Lowell is about 60 years of age.

Lorillard made $300,000 by the winnings of Parole.

Barnum has actually sent to Africa for a couple of native Zulus.

Queen Victoria's Italian journey has given her a new lease of life.

Dan Rice is really, and not advertisingly, dangerously sick in Texas.

A nephew of the poet Keats, and bearing his name, is a civil engineer in Missouri

Moody, the revivalist, is in Boston. He got $6,000 for his Baltimore engagement.

The Rothchilds, of Vienna, keep their carriage. It is a magnificent Pullman palace coach.

Congressman Burrows will deliver the oration on decoration day at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Henry Ward Beacher lectured to a 3,000 people audience at Cincinnati, Saturday night.

The late Bayard Taylor had travelled in Lapland when the thermometer was 45 degrees below zero.

Charles H. Pulham, for many years city editor of the New York *Times*, died Tuesday afternoon.

Senor Castlar goes to London this month to receive from Oxford University the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Carlyle says each man carries under his hat a "private theatre," where a great drama is at all times being acted.

Miss Hosmer, the American sculptress, has been an habitue of Rome for over twenty years, and it is still her home.

Prosessor Woodruff, on Saturday, the day of sailing, abandoned his scientific expedition around the world because of inadequate support.

Bulver Lytton trembled in every limb when he saw a cat, why he could not tell. It was not from fear, for he had no such sensation.

Dore is engaged on a mammoth oil painting, which he conceives is to give him great fame and prove the most remarkable of his works.

John Russel Lowell has attended a bull-fight at Madrid, and reports that it was a disgusting fight, in which he simpathized with the bull.

Garibaidi looks care-worn and is in almost constant pain, aged 73. It is twenty-nine years since he made soap and candles on Staten Island.

Secretary Sherman's portrait, life size, is to be placed in the New York Chamber of Commerce, and is now being painted for the purpose.

John Bright, the English orator, speaks but one language, but Truth says that this was the case with the Athenian orators. Mr. Bright smokes less than formerly and is a teetotaller.

In some parts of India a wheat field forty miles in length is not an uncommon thing. Many of the natives, who formerly ate no grain but rice, now use wheat almost entirely.

Ex-Minister Schenck is very ill in Washington, and his friends are very apprehensive, as it is thought that he has a serious attack of Bright's disease

The late Bishop Ames was worth $25,000, not $250,000, as was stated last week. It is said he left not a dollar to any charitable institution whatever.

Dr Fulton having apologized himself back into the New York Baptist Conference last week, resigned himself out this week, and asks odds of nobody.

Tests of Adulteration.

The following tests for detecting adulterations in honey are given in *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, by Mr. H. E. Curry: Wheat starch is detected as follows: Dilute a little in water, and add a drop of iodine. On placing it on the stage of the microscope the starch grains will be seen colored dark purple. Cane sugar is not so easily detected, except by the taste, or if granulated, the difference in the crystals can readily be seen under the microscope, as they are much larger than those of honey. The most common as well as the most dangerous adulteration just now is glucose. As honey itself contains a large proportion of this, some chemists say it is impossible to detect it by any simple means; and so it would be if it could be made strictly pure. Glucose is made by allowing a mixture of starch and water at a temperature of 130 degrees to flow into a vat containing water acidulated with one per cent. of of sulphuric acid, and kept at a boiling point. In half an hour or so the starch is converted into sugar; the liquid is drawn off and the acid neutralized by the addition of lime. The subsequent minor processes depend upon the uses to which it is to be put.

Those beautiful corn syrups which we see at grocery stores are the finest qualities. Some samples are as clear as chrystal.

A commoner grade is used by brewers and is also used to adulterate honey. It is very thick, due to a considerable quantity of dextrine contained in it. This can be seen by treating it with alcohol. The alcohol will dissolve the glucose, but leave the dextrine which will resemble a white gum.

Honey, mixed with alcohol, will dissolve completely; therefore if dextrine is found in honey it may be pronounced adulterated. To test for sulphuric acid, dissolve a little honey in distilled water in a clear glass vessel; after which, pour in a drop or two of chloride of barium. If manufactured glucose is present, a whitish precipitate will be found, but if the honey is pure, it will remain as clear as before.

Everything used in making tests should be perfectly clear. Those golden grains which can be seen in honey under the microscope, will show to a close student the source from which the honey came. Extracted honey will contain pollen.

At Climax, Kalamazoo county, on the 9th and 10th, 28,000 bushels of wheat were bought from the farmers at $1 per bushel. The farmers have been holding back this grain and are now letting [illegible]

Slaughter of the Zulus.

From the London Telegraph.

The relief of Col. Pearson has been accomplished by the column under the personal command of Lord Chelmsford. After difficult marches, our troops, who had already been sighted from Ekowe, camped at Gingihlove toward sundown on the 1st of April. Much rain was falling about dusk and during the night, and it had been signalled from the Ekowe church tower that the Zulus were drawing in upon the General's position with very large numbers. Lord Chelmsford had taken every possible precaution against surprise. The faces of the camp were covered with lines of shelter trenches; the guns posted at the angles, and all positions of importance covered.

A little before 6 o'clock a. m. large masses of Zulus began to show all over the hill tops in our vicinity on the northeastern side of the camp. The thickets in this direction seemed on a sudden to swarm with the enemy, who, with their usual tactics, were seen pouring in a stream of shields and black bodies, right and left, so as gradually to envelop this quarter of our laager. As soon as their order of battle was thus formed, they came down in a most resolute style upon the side of the camp defended by the Sixtieth Rifles, raising their curious war cry and brandishing their weapons. The foremost portion of the Rifles were lying inside the trenches already mentioned, and their supports behind them had a second line of shelter, as well as the laagered wagons, from which to fire, and the Gatlings were stationed to the right.

As the enemy drew out of the grass and thorn bushes into a dense semicircle of advancing warriors, the whole front of our camp broke out into a sheet of fierce flame which ran from corner to corner without intermission, in rattling volleys of a frightful close-range musketry. Nothing, it might be thought, could live before this terrible and perpetual roll of the breach-loader, and yet our gallant though savage foes crowded their way onward through the hail of death. While spreading now to the right, now to the left, as if to find some break in the wall of fire, their central swarms kept desperately pressing forward past the fallen bodies of their comrades. Those behind sprang to the front over the corpses of their fellows, only to sink to the ground themselves and be succeeded by fresh desperadoes. It was impossible for men to perish with more magnificent contempt of death, but they could not quite reach even our outer trenches. After again and again charging up to within twenty or thirty yards of the muzzles of our Martini-Henris—despite the withering tempest of bullets rained upon them, to say nothing of the Gatling fire and the rockets—these heroic savages gave the game up at last upon this face of the camp, leaving the front of our defences piled with dead and wounded.

Another large body had meanwhile concentrated on the other flank of our laager, and just as the first attack was failing a second and most spirited attempt to rush our positions was tried in this new quarter. If the courage of the enemy was admirable, so was the coolness with which the men of the Ninety-first and Fifty-seventh met the swarms of yelling thousands which closed in toward the trenches. This last effort was led by a chief of high rank named Dubalmansi, who was mounted on a good horse, and rode in the thick of his regiments close up to the laager. The onset was for some minutes very formidable, and once inside our lines such men might have done anything; but the never-ceasing rattle of the breechloaders could not be confronted, and on the point of forcing on that hand-to-hand fight which they wanted, the daring barbarians melted away again, and finally abandoned the attack.

A ringing British cheer was raised upon this second retreat of the enemy, and the word was given for the mounted troops to dash out. This was done by the cavalry and Barrow's mounted infantry, accompanied by some of the swift-footed Native Contingent, who flew forth from the shelter of the wagons and pursued the now disheartened survivors. Once turned and beaten the Zulu makes no further stand, and in the headlong hunt which ensued almost as many of the foe as had fallen before the musketry and the fire of the Gatlings were overtaken and despatched in the bush. From the first appearance of Cetywayo's army upon the hill tops and amid the hollows till the last fierce blows dealt on the flying savages, the affair did not occupy two hours. But it was sharp work while it lasted, and though the British loss in killed was only five for all contingents, yet some nine or ten hundred Zulus lay dead around us as the sun rose high. Their total loss is estimated at fifteen hundred, with many more wounded.

An Escaped Jaguar.

Last night, after the London Circus train had left Washington, Pa., and had traversed about thirty miles, a full-sized Brazilian jaguar, a beast more ravenous and ferocious than a tiger, escaped from his cage and bounded into the woods. The train had stopped to permit another train to pass, and a tramp, who had secreted himself on the car, opened the cage, allowing the animal its liberty. About twenty of his fellow-tramps had been previously ejected from the train, and it is supposed he committed the act for spite. One of the circus hands saw him open the cage, but supposed he was one of the regular hands. When the animal escaped, the tramp jumped from the train, and although pursued by twenty men, made good his escape. The jaguar was a powerful animal, and cost $1,500 two years ago. He was about five feet long, and naturally one of the most ferocious beasts in the menagerie. Early this morning the mangled remains of a man were found near the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, fifteen miles east of this place. It has not been ascertained yet whether this is the first victim of the jaguar or not. The people here are much excited, and have been warned to take all precautions against an attack. The proprietors offer $500 for the capture of the beast alive or proof of his death. They disclaim any responsibility for loss of life or damage to farmers's stock which may ensue, as the escape was something which they could not provide against.—*Philadelphia Times, May 8.*

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours, are now.—*Swift.*

THE FARM.

Shearing Sheep.

From the Western Rural.

In the first place we may say that a sheep which is to be sheared should be well fed, for if it is hungry, it will be impatient, and it is more difficult to run the shears around the collapsed belly and sides of an empty sheep than it is about the rounded form of a full one. The animal should be caught, lifted clear of the floor, and carried out of the pen. The catcher should hold it with its back towards himself, and the shearer should, while it is in this position, clean its feet of any filth and its belly from straw or other foreign substance which may have become attached to it. The wool should be clipped off evenly and smoothly. It should not be cut twice, and care, of course, must be exercised not to cut the skin. Sometimes it is difficult in shearing the Merino not to cut the skin, but any one who does it often is an incompetent shearer, and it is not profitable to keep him at work. It would be hardly possible for a novice to shear a Merino, if he could any other sheep. The sheep should be held in the easiest manner possible, and should be confined the least possible time; that is to say a man who professes to be a good shearer should be able to do it quickly and with little irritation to the animal.

Clip the wool as close to the skin as it is possible and not show the skin naked or red. Unless this rule is observed the animal may suffer from sunburn or from a cold snap of weather. The place of shearing should be kept perfectly clean. All dung and scattered locks should be removed at once. It seems scarcely necessary to say that the proceedings should be conducted with the utmost gentleness, but men are so apt to get boisterous and ill-tempered when handling animals that it will do no harm to call attention to the matter. All animals, it is safe to say, are injured by rudeness in handling. The sheep is a timid animal, and if not treated kindly, it will become very impatient. This is about all we can say in reply to the request of our correspondent.

The Vegetable Garden.

A Clare county lady gives through the Lansing Republican the following directions for the management of a vegetable garden:

Let the ground be well prepared and worked smooth enough to allow of the use of a marker; if you have none, get or make one, it will pay for itself in one season; the one I use is made of a straight piece of wood about three inches square, and seven feet long; through each end and in the center is driven a sort of drag tooth (of wood) 15 inches long, and pointed at each end; this is allowed to project six inches on each side; leave one side with these three teeth, but on the other add two more at equal distances on each side of the center; one side will be the right distance apart for corn and potatoes, while the other will mark 14 inch rows. A couple of light poles make a convenient pair of shafts to draw it by. Measure your first row with a garden line, and run the first tooth of your marker close to the line; the next bout can be made each time by running the first tooth of the marker in the last mark made. You will be surprised to see how much difference having the rows perfectly straight will make in the appearance of your garden. Let the rows run east and west, so that the plants may get the benefit of the sunlight on all sides. Place rows of the same width together.

If the seed is sown by hand, regulate the of planting according to the condition of the soil and the size of the seed. For almost any of the small seeds, carrots, beets, onions, parsnips, etc., from one-half to one inch is deep enough; but be sure you reach moist earth, even if you have to plant deeper. Peas need to be planted about two inches deep; for a succession of this delicious vegetable, plant again, a week or ten days later. Do not be afraid of working the soil too much; it cannot be done. Just as soon as the plants show, run a rake between the rows; a common 10 inch rake is just the thing for the 14 inch rows, and in a day or two go over them again; this can be done two or three times before they need deep hoeing. When the the plants are up high enough, say three or four inches, thin to from three to six inches. Of course the above rule is meant to apply to lettuce, turnips, radishes, carrots, beets, sage, spinach, and such things. It is a good plan to go over the rows at least twice. For instance, if you thin lettuce to three inches, by the time it is ready to use you can take out every other plant; the Simpson is a good kind for early lettuce; it bears transplanting well.

Incidental Sheep Husbandry.

One of the strongest of the elements that have brought disaster to efforts at sheep husbandry has been the desire to do a big business. Men reared to other callings, seeing the profits others were reaping from well-directed efforts at sheep husbandry have hastened to become the owners of flocks; while still others, who have become imbued with thr idea, "the more sheep, the more money," and have soon placed themselves beyond the bounds of prudence, by incurring indebtedness on the one hand, and more care and labor than they are able to bestow on the other hand—both have been overtaken by the disaster their temerity invited. To a majority of farmers small flocks—that is, numbers remaining in the hundreds—will be the most profitable. The exceptions to this rule will occur to every careful student of sheep husbandry. Not only can the highest profit upon invested capital be thus rendered more certain, but the disappointments that occasionally follow the best of plans, and the most careful manipulation, are by no means so disastrous.

Where sheep are handled as an incident to general farming operations—the plan now contemplated—care should be had that they do not trespass upon the other interests. When the farmer feels that his sheep are a burden that is, that they are drawing upon the other departments for the time and feed not before assigned to them—he should fatten, and sell down to such number as will conveniently work along his crops and other live stock. Local butchers will always pay a fair price for a few good wethers, and some neighbor can usually be found ready to make room for a few desirable store sheep. As the facilities for enhancing the numbers of the flock improve, the annual drafting may be confined to full-grown wethers, and such ewes as, by reason of age or other disqualifying peculiarities are undesirable. The flexibility of a small flock is one of its strongest recommendations—enabling it to be accommodated to the circumstances or ambitions of the owner more readily than any other live stock property.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Nutritive Value of Corn Fodder.

As a fitting supplement to Prof. Kedzie's analysis of corn given last week, we add the following results of the analysis of corn fodder by Prof. S. W. Johnson, director of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station. The result of these and some other analyses are summed up in the table given below:

I.—Sweet corn fodder, cut August 9.
II.—Sweet corn fodder, cut September 25.
III.—Field corn stover, crop of 1877.
IV.—Field corn fodder from the same farm, crop of 1874, average of two samples.
V.—Composition of corn stover as given by Wolff in 1874.
VI.—Sweet corn, kernel.
VII.—Field corn, kernel, average of five varieties.
VIII.—Field corn, kernel, average of thirteen samples, including ten varieties, crop of 1877, grown in Michigan and analyzed by Prof. Kedzie.
IX.—Cob of sweet corn.
X.—Cob of field corn, average of six varieties.

	Albuminoids.	Fat.	Carbohydrates.	Fibre.	Ash.	Digestible nutritive ratio.
I	11.2	1.4	49.1	27.5	10.8	1: 6.8
II	7.9	1.3	47.9	30.8	12.1	1: 9.7
III	7.3	1.8	56.4	30.6	4.5	1.11.8
IV	6.0	1.8	52.1	34.3	5.8	1:14.6
V	3.8	1.3	43.2	40.0	5.0	1:34.4
VI	15.9	10.1	69.6	2.1	2.3	1: 6.3
VII	12.4	5.6	79.0	1.4	1.7	1: 8.2
VIII	12.7	5.7	77.4	2.5	1.7	1: 7.8
IX	3.0	1.0	60.9	33.5	1.6	
X	2.5	0.3	62.6	33.2	1.4	

For the better comparison of the different results with each other they are given, as calculated in the Report, for water-free substance. The thoroughly air-dried corn-fodder contained 7 to 10 per cent of water; the field-cured fodder of the crop of 1874 contained the remarkably large proportion of 27 per cent of water, which rose during the warm and damp Winter that followed, *in the fodder stored in the barn*, to more than 54 per cent, or, in other words, five tons became about eight tons. We need only to remember that field-cured hay contains only about 15 per cent of water in order to realize the unusual power of the corn stalk to retain hygroscopic moisture, and to absorb it from the atmosphere. The kernel in the several samples analyzed contained about 11 per cent of water and the cob about 8 per cent. The digestible nutritive ratio in the sixth column, estimated from the proportion of digestible albuminoids on the one hand, and the digestible carbohydrates and fat on the other, as determined by German experiments furnishes a fair means of comparing the relative feeding value of the different articles; the larger or the wider this ratio the less valuable the fodder; in the case of the corn fodder, however, the ratio can hardly be considered as satisfactorily established, since but a single trial has been made, and that was with green fodder. These recent analyses of corn fodder put it in a much better position among feeding stuffs than could be accorded to it on the basis of the older analyses, as will be seen on comparing the nutritive ratio given by Wolff with the new ratio.

Moving Bees.

This is the season of the year when many stocks of bees are being moved. The old saying that "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," is as applicable to moving bees as to anything else. We have seen stock which had traveled hundreds of miles, and which, when opened, were found to be none the worse for their journey and all the rough handling incidental to railroad travel.

We have seen other stocks which had been taken but a few miles, and that on a spring wagon, that lost half their value by the moving. All the difference was caused by the difference in packing for shipment. A hive is best prepared for shipment as follows:

Place the combs at regular intervals apart—say half an inch. Take strips of wood inch by half irch, and as long as the hive is deep. Place one of these strips between every two combs, one at each end commencing on the outside; when the last one is reached wedge it firmly against the side of the hive. Now the combs are in no danger moving of sideways.

Next lay a similar strip over the ends of the frames and fasten it to the sides of the hive. Now the frames cannot move up or down; and if the combs are old and strong, and not too full of honey, the hive will be safe with almost any kind of treatment; though for the sake of still further safety it would be best to write on the front or back of the hive, "This end forward" so that whatever jolting the hive receives will be from end to end, and not from side to side. The bees should be confined in the hive with wire cloth, which should cover the whole top and if the weather is warm, the bottom too. This insures ventilation, and that is necessary, as bees, when excited, as they are by moving, generate a great amount of heat, often enough to smother them and to melt both comb and honey.

Sunflower Seeds for Poultry.

Many farmers look upon the sunflower as simply a worthless weed, and never dream of the valuable qualities the seeds of this plant possess. For several years they have been used by breeders of fancy poulty as a food for choice birds; in small quantities, they are mixed with the other food, and the peculiar properties of the seeds imparts a beautiful gloss which no grain will give to the plumage of the adult birds. For those who raise fancy fowls for exhibition, it is essential to perfect success that the plumage should be in perfect condition, and to attain satisfactory results, we can recommend no more valuable aid than judicious feeding of this seed. It has long been known that the oil extracted from sunflower seeds makes a dressing for the hair which is very beneficial, imparting a smoothness and vigor highly appreciated by all who have tried it. It grows very readily, and the poultryman should not forgret this cheap and useful assistant to his labors.

Mr. T. F. Bingham, in the *Bee Journal* says: "The supply of honey has reached such proportions that diversity of taste as well as style may in the near future become a leading feature." We would suggest that the leading feature be attractiveness.